

*ally
sloper's Half Holiday*

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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[ONE PENNY.



GRACE AND DISGRACE AT CLACTON.

"Although at one period inseparable friends, Dr. W. G. Grace is now, I understand, roaming England over in search of my unfortunate Dad. When the two great ones do meet, I am afraid the shock will be too great from which Papa will not easily recover. Taking advantage of the National Testimonial organised for the benefit of the great cricketer, Poor Pa, it seems, has been passing himself off as Clactonians as the one and only Dr. Grace. His disguise, though, turned out to be an utter failure, the whole collection only amounting to three cockle shells and a frog. His departure from Clacton was both hasty and undignified."—TOUTIE.

GENERAL ELECTION HINTS

HANDSOME TOM COX.

ONE of Captain Johnson's heroes is Thomas Cox, who was hanged at Tyburn one sunny June day in 1691, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

twenty-sixth year of his age. He was the youngest son of a gentleman of Blandford, in Dorset, and his father left him "a comfortable patrimony, which he soon consumed in riotous living. He then came up to London, fell in with a gang of highwaymen, and took to the road, in order to support himself in his dissolute course of life. He was three times tried for his life, but contrived to keep his neck out of the noose. After his third trial, he retired to a friend's house, and lived some time with him, he being a very handsome man, and she went so far as to communicate her passion, and almost make him a direct offer of herself and £1000." Cox married her, spent all her money, broke the young lady's heart by his ill-usage, and took again to his old courses. He had yet

Among the many recorded highway robberies committed by this ruffian a few may be briefly noted. One day he met with Edgerton, Charles II.'s Jester, and ordered him to deliver. "Are you in earnest, friend?" asked the buffoon. "Yes, by Heaven I am; for though you can live by joking, I can't."

Taken in custody in Somersetshire, he was locked up in Ilchester Gaol. He broke out of his ward into the keeper's apartment, who, as good luck would have it, had been



(1) It is absurd to waste words upon a political opponent when a full-throated and well-aimed egg smashes as effectively for itself.



(7) And how wise it is to promise your vote and interest to whomever demands the same. You make no excuses, besides proving the truth of the *non-crui* proverb.



(2) The poetist who would accept a bribe is unworthy the name of Englishman. But if you are poor, and your wife should be left on your doorstep—well—



Egg & Harrow



A.A.C.



Law-breakers.



"THE QUEEN'S" FIRST STAGE.



Lewis & Boddley.



Faithful Firemen.



The Prince & The Puppies

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here I am again, ladies and gentlemen, still alive and kicking. The host has no detrimental effect upon me. I repeat it, in fact. Heaps of people are asking me whether it isn't time I took a holiday. Certainly not. Holidays are altogether out of my line. On we go—a well-fought match, or worst defeat. The laurel goes to those most fit.—The gallant English took the cake, and make all other countries quake.—Don't fail to visit without fail, find themselves in advance.

Flight.—A gallant fight for splendid prize, a prize which no one can despise.—At Wimbledon our tennis cracks show that of skill they are not less.—A grand review. Without a doubt, our forces have what they're about.—The show I'm sure was of the best, quite worthy of the noble post.—As Bussy and the General Election are the principal topics of the day, I have included them both in my centre illustration.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

EASILY EXPLAINED.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

And Thing, is this the way to the top of the hill?
My Thing, no, no, straight along the road, but if I was you
With such a pair of wings as this, I should go by road!



"Excuse me, young person, but are you aware I am a member of the London County Council?"



"But what makes you think she came into mine?" "Well, dear, they
used to be her last. How they say she's absolutely unaccountable!"

Charlie, I say, I thought Mrs. Larkspur was a widow. Why, she had got pink roses in her bouquet
this afternoon.
Dolly. She's a widow, only she has picked up the weeds and ghastly flowers (quoted).



HAPPY THOUGHT.

How to dispose of our house-pets when we go to the sea; get
President (Bismarck) of the Fishes Association to put them
all into a train for six weeks.

